

TERMS OF THE "AMERICAN."  
H. B. MASSER, PUBLISHERS AND  
JOSEPH EISELY, PROPRIETORS.

H. B. MASSER, Editor.  
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# SUNBURY AMERICAN.

AND SHAMOKIN JOURNAL.

Absolute acquiescence in the decisions of the majority, the vital principle of Republics, from which there is no appeal but to force, the vital principle and immediate parent of despotism.—Jefferson.

By Masser & Eiseley.

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Sixteen lines make a square.



### The Search after Rest.

When first the dove, afar and wide,  
Sifted the dark waters o'er,  
To seek beyond the heaving tide,  
A green and peaceful shore,  
No leafy bough, nor life-like thing,  
Rose 'mid the swelling main—  
The lone bird sought, with faltering wing,  
The hallowed ark again.  
And ever thus man's heart hath traced  
A lone and weary round;  
But never yet, 'mid earth's dark waste,  
A resting place has found.  
The peace for which his spirit yearns  
Is ever sought in vain.  
'Till like the dove it homeward turns  
And finds its God again.

### Method of Coloring and Preserving Wood.

Some time since a report was made, by a committee appointed for the purpose, to the Academie des Sciences in Paris, in relation to the discovery of Boucherie of a method of preserving wood, coloring it of any tint, and rendering it nearly or quite incombustible. The report of the committee was highly favorable; but since then, we have heard nothing further upon the subject. The discovery seems to be of incalculable utility, and well worthy of trial in this country.

This principle is old and well known, being nothing more than the capillary attraction which has been frequently used in freeing fruit from the canker-worm by means of sulphur placed in a hole bored in the trunk of a tree. But the highest credit is undoubtedly due to Dr. Boucherie for his novel and extensive application of it. His process is to bore several holes at the foot of a tree, or to saw it half way through, and to apply the materials to the holes, or the incision. The sap vessels take up the liquid, and in a few days it penetrates every fibre, except the heart. To render it hard, heavy and incorruptible, the pyrolignite of iron is used—an exceedingly cheap substance, and one very easily made or obtained. Wood saturated with this substance will not be affected by rot or insects. What an invaluable discovery this is to the farmer in one thing, the posts for his fences which require to be renewed every four years, and which can only be made advantageously of certain costly kinds of timber. The Lombard poplar, which grows with so much rapidity, but which rots so readily, may by this process become an exceedingly useful and valuable tree, in all cases where durability without strength is required.

To render wood incombustible, and to increase its elasticity, the chloride of calcium is used; or salt water will answer. Prepared by the saline solution, wood retains its flexibility for years, it neither warps nor splits, and burns with the greatest difficulty.

Wood can also be beautifully colored in this way. The pyrolignite of iron gives a gray color; and, if afterwards a solution of tannin be infused, an ink is formed in the fibre of the wood, and tints of blue black, and gray can be given at pleasure. Pyrolignite of iron, followed by the prussiate of potassa, produces a Prussian blue; acetate of lead or sugar of lead, followed by chromate of potassa, produces a chrome yellow; or, by adding all these in succession, different shades of blue, green, yellow and brown are produced.

The subject is an exceedingly interesting one, and we should think it deserves some attention and experiment. The advantages that it offers must strike every one. Think of imperishable ships; durable and incombustible wooden houses; of eternal poplar, willow, and bass-wood fences; and of beautiful tinted colored cabinet ware!—N. Y. Sun.

THE CATERPILLAR.—A writer in the Gospel Banner says that this is to be a great year for caterpillars on fruit trees; but adds that they may be destroyed now, thus:

"Make a strong ley, or soap suds strong enough to bear an egg, and with a brush or piece of cloth, wash the infested limbs. The ley will kill every mother's son of the eggs, and you will see no caterpillar's beds upon them in May or June. Even without regard to caterpillars, it is an excellent plan, every spring to wash trees with strong soap suds. This will kill various sorts of insects in the egg—it will cleanse and renovate the bark, and promote the health and fruitfulness of the tree. Try it. Be not afraid of injuring the tree, even if the ley is so strong as to blister your hands. It will do no harm if applied before the buds are much swollen; but it will kill the young leaf."

PRETTY KEEN.—The Albany Patriot says: One of our own Methodist Clergymen last Sunday, remarked that "if all the world believed the Second Coming was to take place on the 23d of April, 1843, at 3 o'clock, P. M., two-thirds of them would delay all preparation for it till half past 2."

### BUTTER MAKING.

Travelling across the Western Reserve, a year or two since, in company with a gentleman from New York, I was surprised to hear him state, that "in the eastern markets, Ohio butter was a by-word, a term synonymous with dirty butter."

I attempted to defend the character of the production of our dairies, and we compromised matters for the present, by agreeing to rest the decision upon the samples we should meet with, on the tables of the public houses in the course of the journey. In the end, I had the mortification to find, in a majority of instances, either an oily, rancid, or a ring streaked and spotted article was set before us that came within the limits of his description.

This should not be. But is one of the staples of northern Ohio, and that which is well made will in all instances, command a cash price sufficient to compensate the dairyman for the extra labor he bestows upon it.

My wife and myself claim the merit of being adepts, or as political demagogues would say, "real workies" in this business, founded on a practical experience of near 20 years.

Our method I will detail; first promising it is perhaps no better than that pursued by many others, for there is here and there a family that furnishes a prime article, though a large share of that which comes into market, is an opposite character. The publication of our method may induce others to throw more light on the subject. In our hands it is invariably successful, but it is like certain chemical processes, made up of a series of manipulations, the omission of any one of which, may derange the whole, and endanger the result. Every part must be carefully carried on.

1. Choice of Cows.—A judicious selection from the common stock, I deem to be equal if not superior to any of the imported. The Devons and Bakewells I have tried, and found them deficient in the quantity of milk they afford. The Durhams I have not tested. The Gore breed was introduced into Portage county some years since, by a gentleman, I think of the name of Thorndike, from Massachusetts. A few of the descendants and crosses are to be met with in the south part of Trumbull county, and they prove to be the best of milkers. The quantity and quality of the milk, surpass that of any other breed in our section of the country.

2. Change of Pastures.—To insure the production of the largest quantity of butter, a frequent change of pasture is required. A farm should be so fenced that the cows can be changed into a different lot every four or five days.

3. Salting.—A constant and full supply of salt should be before our cows in some secure place. They will eat moderately what they require. If only occasionally furnished, they often take it in quantities so large, as to act medicinally to their injury.

It corrects almost any bad quality of the milk arising from the eating of aromatic, or bitter herbs, and also much of the natural animal odor, that frequently impairs the sweetness of butter.

4. Water.—It is perhaps superfluous to add, that without a full and steady supply of this article for his cows, the hopes of the dairyman will never be realized. Driving them once or twice a day to a watering place, will not answer the purpose.

A large and deep excavation can be made in the several pasture lots, or between two or three of them, so as to answer the purpose, except in very protracted droughts. It should be so enclosed that cattle can approach it and drink, without running into it.

5. Driving—kind treatment.—Many a faithful cow has been seriously injured by a careless boy driving her furiously to and from the pastures.—All harsh treatment of any kind, as scolding, striking, kicking, &c., is also detrimental. I have known many cows rendered worthless from these causes. The utmost kindness and gentleness of manner must be shown on the part of those who manage our stock. I once dismissed a hired man for striking my cows. Too much cannot be said on this point.

6. Milking.—This process should be done systematically, at regular periods of the day. Sun rise and sun set are perhaps the best periods; for immediately after the one, and before the other, cows in hot weather feed to the best advantage. They are so much creatures of habit, that the milker should be changed as rarely as possible. A stranger is always regarded as an unwelcome visitor, by a milk cow.

7. Cleanliness of the Utensils.—The pails, pans, strainers, bowls, churn, and every implement employed in butter making, must not only be well washed, but they must be thoroughly scalded with boiling hot water, and perfectly dried afterward, either in the sun or before the fire. This must be repeated every time they are used. Merely pouring boiling water upon them when loaded with sour milk or cream, will only serve to scald in the bad flavor, if I may use the expression. Wash them at first, and then scald them thoroughly, if you would have sweet butter.

There are certain filthy practices which slatterns fall into, that should be corrected—such as wetting the cow's teats with milk, and permitting it to drop into the pail—milking in the morning without washing the hands, &c.

8. Milk Houses and Buttery.—In hot weather a good spring house is necessary for the making of butter. It must be constructed of either brick or stone, and in no instance wood, as that article never fails, in such a situation to become mouldy, and impair the flavor of butter. It must be built so that it can be thoroughly ventilated. A window should be placed on the north, east and west sides, which must be furnished on the outside with wire gauze screens, and on the inside with tight shutters. During the day, the shutters must be closed, and at night must be raised.

A spring may be dispensed with—and it is even problematical whether it does not, upon the whole, do as much injury by imparting dampness, as it does good by lowering the temperature. A well constructed house without the spring, will answer the purpose. It should be shaded with trees, or arbors of grape vines. All mouldy and decayed wood work, boards, boxes, barrels, &c., must be kept out of it—also all foreign substances, as meats, fish and vegetables. The air of my spring-house was ruined for a week or more, merely by placing in it a few mackerel.

At the approach of autumn, a cool and well ventilated buttery, shaded well without, and kept clear of all foreign substances that can impart a bad flavor, is preferable to a spring-house, as the latter becomes too damp, at that season, to allow the cream to form well.

9. Straining the Milk.—This should be attended to without delay, after milking. The new fashioned tin strainer (a tin pail with a wire gauze strainer) is far preferable to the old fashioned cloth strainer. Either tin pans or stone crocks may be used for holding the milk; I know of no preference, except, the tin is liable to rust in a damp spring-house. Earthen crocks should never be used, as the lead in glazing may act chemically with the cream or butter, so as to poison it.

10. Skimming the Milk.—In hot weather the milk may be allowed to curdle before this operation is performed, but if it be delayed any longer, a thin, watery fluid will form between the milk and the cream, after which the good qualities are inevitably destroyed. It is necessary in mid-summer, to skim the milk every morning and night. This point must receive the strictest attention.—Neglect of it often gives a streaked or mottled appearance to butter, as well as impairs its flavor.

11. Cream.—As soon as it is collected it should be placed in a stone crock, which should be either hung into a well, or set up to the brim in the spring within the milk-house.

It has been thought by some that the cream improves, or matures, by exposure to the air after it is collected, and that placing it in a situation as cold as a well, or spring, is unfavorable for that change. This view may be correct late in autumn, when it becomes sometimes necessary to mature it by artificial heat, but during our hot and dry summers, we believe the course recommended is to be preferred.

12. Churning.—This operation must be resorted to as soon as a supply of cream is obtained, and in hot weather cannot safely be delayed beyond the third day.

A variety of patent churns have been patented upon the public, none of which, we believe is to be preferred to the old fashioned upright dasher, or the barrel. We at present employ the former, and by the aid of a well adjusted spring pole, connected with the top dasher rod, can fetch 12 to 15 pounds of butter, in from fifteen to twenty-five minutes, without any violent efforts. The barrel churn is not as easily cleaned.

13. Working of Butter.—This must be repeated until every drop of the buttermilk is expelled; twice or three times will be necessary, nor must it be delayed too long, till a change begins to take place in the remaining butter milk, as that will impair the flavor of the butter, which no subsequent treatment can restore.

The operation must be done in a bowl, by the aid of a wooden spatula, or paddle, and in no instance should the hand come in contact with the butter, if it can be avoided, as the warmth of the individual renders the butter oily and bad flavored.

Some persons destroy its sweetness and richness by washing out the buttermilk, by means of cold water, a practice always to be avoided.

14. Salting.—The salt should be added at the commencement of the first working. Much of our western butter is injured by the employment of the common New York salt. The finest ground article should be used. It can now be obtained in sacks, of our merchants, at a reasonable price.

15. Preserving Butter.—That made in the spring and summer, may be laid down in stone

crocks, and the surface covered with brine of strength sufficient to bear up an egg. In winter this will answer all the purpose of cooking, and even for the taste will be sweeter than much that finds its way there.

J. P. RUTLAND.

### Grape Vines.

We hope every farmer and every mechanic who owns as much as six square feet of land, will have at least one grape vine growing on it—a native vine, we mean, not a foreign one for mere show, but one that will bear fruit which will ripen without artificial aid.

It is surprising that so few of our young men take any interest in setting grape vines about the house. It is not because they relish not the fruit, for you will see them traversing the meadows and woods to fitch what does not belong to them; and to make sure of their prey they will pluck it before it is fit to eat. How much less labor would it be to take home a root or a cutting and place it where the grapes might hang on till they were fully ripe.

We have many fine native grapes in our meadows and by the roadside which are at least equal to the imported kinds. In addition to the common purple grape, many sorts of which are rich and excellent, when they are permitted to ripen on the vines, we have several kinds of reddish grapes that have not the foxy taste which some dislike in the purple kinds. Then we have a variety of wild white grapes.

In our own garden we have two kinds of white, or rather cream-colored grapes, from vines that we procured from our own fields. These ripen in the last of August, a month sooner than the Isabella grape. And these, together with the Isabella and the common purple grape, give us an abundance of grape fruit during five or six weeks of every season.

The grape is cultivated with less labor than any other kind of fruit, and it is a constant bearer. It is less subject to depredation of worms and insects than most kinds of fruit, and there is less trouble in having it in one's own garden than in going a mile to borrow a supply from a neighbor's meadow.

Young men are informed that grapes can be propagated from cuttings; that is, by burying a vine cut from a growing one. The latter part of April is a good time to bury the vine. One end of it must remain above ground and the other must be kept moist.—Ploughman.

### Indian Murderers.

A correspondent of the Galena Gazette, writing from Prairie du Chien, gives the following extract of a letter from Fort Atkinson, Iowa Territory, of the date of the 27th of March.

Last evening, about 6 o'clock, Mr. Lowry and his son Sylvanus, came up here, bringing the news of the murder of three whites, living in Wilcox's Settlement—particulars as follows: Three Winnebagoes, belonging to Little Hill's Band, went down on Thursday night or Friday morning after whisky, as they said; not finding a sufficient quantity on hand, they remained until Friday evening—at which time one Barrel arrived; they pretended to find fault with the price, &c., so as to get up a quarrel. One of the Indians then shot a man by the name of Atwell; they then bound the other and killed him with a tomahawk; his name was Zegardner, (or T. Gardner.) They then tomahawked three children, (five persons being all there were in the house) and supposed that they had killed them. They then took possession of the whisky, then set the house on fire and left. The eldest boy, aged 12, and a little girl were not killed—one received five stabs, and the other three—the boy so far recovered before the building was burnt, as to be able to take his father's watch, overcoat and boots, and fifty dollars in gold, and also his little sister, and then started towards Wilcox's house, which was one mile distant. He was found in the morning, both feet frozen to the ankle. It is supposed that he and his sister will die soon.

Captain Sumner, with his usual promptness, left the Fort with his mounted men, within forty minutes after the news reached him, determined that neither cold nor the darkness of the night should prevent him from bringing to justice the perpetrators of this horrible deed. He returned this morning about half past 3 o'clock, with nine Indians as hostages, and at 5 o'clock started again in pursuit of the murderers. He overtook them about four miles south of the Agency, (Winnebago,) and returned here at 10 o'clock, A. M. with them. He released the hostages, and put balls and chains on the guilty they cannot escape.—A more prompt movement never was made with troops; they were out all night, and a very severe night it was.

PROGS.—It is reported that the frogs in this vicinity, owing to the inclemency of the weather, and the backwardness of the spring, have caught severe colds, and are much troubled with influenza and quinsy, in consequence of which, instead of musical notes, they utter the most discordant and dolorous sounds imaginable!—Boston Mercantile Journal.

### From the Reading Gazette.

#### Bad Memory.

"I have such a poor memory." How frequently do we hear this expression, but we think the remark is almost invariably untrue. Individuals are undoubtedly sincere in the remark; but they do not know the extent of this quality of their minds. It is said that Mr. Hutton divided a blank book into three hundred and sixty-five columns, for the purpose of recording daily an anecdote or incident of his past life; and to his astonishment he succeeded in his plan, filling up the above number of columns with different reminiscences. I have no doubt that many persons who complain of their bad memories, might very easily accomplish the experiment of Mr. Hutton. We hope the attempt will be made. And what a source of enjoyment would be such recovered relics of the past!

People have no difficulty in remembering subjects in which they take an interest. The state of the market does not pass the memory of the tradesman, the state of literature the memory of the poet, nor the newly discovered physical phenomena, the memory of the natural philosopher. On these subjects we do not hear their admirers complain of treacherous memories. But let them exchange the topics of their attention, and they will immediately murmur.

Scaliger tells us that in his youth, he could repeat a hundred verses after having read them but once. Pope has observed, that Lord Bolingbroke could alone, and without books, refer to any particular subject in them, and write as copiously on it as any other man would with all his books about him. Euler, the great mathematician, could extract the square root of a hundred figures. At a very youthful age he became blind. The Erick Shepherd relates in his "Familiar Anecdotes" that he had written a ballad of eighty-eight stanzas, entitled "Gilman's clench," which he recited to Sir Walter Scott soon after it was composed. Three years after Sir Walter and Hogg were in company, Sir W. requested the Erick Shepherd to sing the above ballad. He commenced and sung to the ninth verse, when he "stuck in it, and could not get on with another verse, on which he (Sir Walter) began it again, and recited it every word, from beginning to end." Sir Walter never heard it recited more than once. The ballad was never published. Scott, it was well known, possessed powers of great retention, but things that he most easily retained were specimens of his own art. We knew a young man, who after having six medical lectures of an hour each, could write out the whole nearly verbatim.

There are but few persons that can remember those things in which they take a deep interest. There should be a method in reading and thinking. We desire the reader to remember that dulatory readers and thinkers, usually complain of imperfect memories. When a person runs on one subject to another, he can receive nothing but imperfect and transitory impressions. H.

#### Texas.

Numbers of emigrants are still pouring into the Northern and Eastern countries of Texas. A gentleman who recently arrived from the Sabine states that he passed several large groups of emigrants on the road near Nacogdoches and San Augustine. Forty or fifty families from Missouri and Illinois lately removed to the settlement in the Cross Timbers; and numbers have also settled in Fannin county.

The Rev. Ira Parker died at Galveston on the 6th inst.

Up to the 25th ult., Gov. Butler, U. S. Commissioner, was still at the Waco village, and would remain there until a treaty should be concluded with the several tribes in attendance, among which were delegates from the Delawares, Shawnees, Iones, Anadargoes, Wacoos and Caldoes. Other were expected. The council was to be held in about ten days. The Camanches had sent no representatives to the council, and it was doubtful whether they would assent to a treaty. The Shawnees who were sent to them report that they have agreed to send in four chiefs, after three moons have elapsed, provided the President will send four white men to their tribe to remain as hostages until their chiefs return.—They are represented to be warring with the Mexicans, and to have recently taken two Mexican villages and captured about 300 prisoners.

On Cypress Creek, a few miles from Houston, a shrub called Wild Tea is found in great profusion. The Telegraph states that the leaves of this shrub so nearly resemble in taste, odor and form the leaves of the common Young Hyson tea, that it would be difficult to distinguish them from it.

RICE.—It is said rice was first planted in Carolina in 1668; but owing to bad seed it was abandoned. In the year 1695 a vessel arrived from Madagascar, the master of which furnished a gentleman with a small quantity, from which has sprung immense sources of wealth to the Southern States. So much for the remnant of a sea store left in the bottom of a bag!—Nashville Agriculturalist.

"What is a bull?" inquired a schoolmaster of his hopeful pupil. "A Irish figger of speech," was the reply.

### British Statesmen of the Last Century.

"There and then groups were to be met with in all directions, composed of the most celebrated men of the day—when England possessed celebrated men—busily conversing on the proceedings of Parliament the night before, of which were to take place before another night had passed away. From the close of the American war, these groups were chiefly composed of the opposition; for the unrivalled ascendancy of the greatest minister that England had ever seen, gave the Whigs the leisure for those conferences which the occupation of public life generally denied to the Tories, or their reliance on their great leader rendered unnecessary. There were to be met, from the hours of two to four, the elite of the Foxites, mingled occasionally with a few of the leading peers and country gentlemen, who formed the small neutrality of Parliament; there stood Fox, with his ponderous figure, good-humored smile, and heavy step; Grey, grim from his cradle, perpendicular and repulsive; Sheridan, with a face purpled o'er with claret—the stamp of habitual excess—a stooping form and neglected dress, but with an eye among the blackest, largest, and most beaming that ever was set in the head of man; Tierney, grave sly, and with a look of inveterate subtlety, that might have established him as the most crafty of men, even before he had uttered one of the cunning syllables; Whitbread, short, strong and broad-shouldered, the complete model of the brewer that he was, even to his pepper-and-salt coat, but with a countenance of singular manliness, and indicative of the John Bullism of his character; Wyndham, with the graceful figure, airy step, and handsome countenance that seemed made for courts—if the oddity, fantasy, and ill-fortune of his career had not left him in a state oscillation between the Whigs and Tories, and, like other pendulums, left him to swing, while the hands in front were gaining ground at every move; Dundas, who feared no one, and had a lively word for all, sometimes mingling with the circle—for a moment throwing in his easy jest, and easy bearing its return, doubtless amused by the sense that he was the possessor of power, while they were but nibblers at the hook. There, too, was Jenkinson, with the profound brow that seemed surcharged with the secrets of an empire; silent, if not sullen, and returning their salutations as cautiously as if a bow were a betrayal. There, too, on his two huge legs, was the Duke of Norfolk, in his gray coat and black cape. The great Minister who alone kept all the Whigs at bay, was the object of universal assent; the powerful lance of Fox, sullen though feebler missiles of the Greys, Courtenays, Wyndhams, and all the second rank of opposition; the sparkling shafts of Sheridan, as pungent as they were polished; and all the light arrows of peasantry launched from the hundred hands of the more nameless party—all fell on him and fell in vain. He wore that armour which nothing could penetrate; and, when retailed, his sword was of a temper that neither keen nor solid might resist its edge."—Blackwood's Magazine.

A PENCHANT FOR FIGHTING.—Under this caption, Deutelmoeer, of the Mills Point Herald, tells a very fair yarn. He was recently travelling through Kentucky, when he came to a small village where a county election was being held, and had his attention drawn towards a dense crowd on the public square, and soon ascertained that a fight was going on. Whilst he was at a respectful distance witnessing the combat, two strangers rode up, and one jumped off his nag, pulled off his coat, and without losing a moment was in the thickest of the fight. But all the combatants immediately fell upon him, and in a few moments he came out a badly whipped man. His companion, who had all the time with perfect astonishment looked on the scene, now spoke and said: "Bill, what in the world had you to do with the fight—ain't you a perfect stranger here?" "I am," replied the other, "but I thought it was a free thing."

INTERPRETANCE.—A Scotch woman in Rochester, named Wallace, died lately of excessive drinking, after swilling nearly half a pail of whiskey. Her husband, with a brittleness that no living thing but a drunkard could equal, finish the liquor after the death of his wife. If any thing could warn the sot, or drive him from his evil habits, it would be so horrible an example as this.

CICERO AND CÆSAR.—Cicero had nineteen villas and it was in one of these Cæsar honored him with a morning call, and paid him the very high compliment of taking a visit in order that he might do justice to his lunch. In another he delighted to ornament his library with Greek paintings and sculptures, which his friend Herodotus Atticus was collecting for him.

There is a young lady in this city engaged to be married, but she won't fix the time until her betrothed gets a mason to put him up a "patent back." She says, that as matters are now, she couldn't live with him—like a chimney, he smokes too much.—Crescent City.